

## PREFACE.

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A FEW words of introduction for our book on the Wild Flowers of Canada may be deemed necessary by the friends who have so kindly and freely come forward as Subscribers to the work and also the public in general.

We present it with every hope that success may follow the publication, which has been delayed, by many unforeseen obstacles, from appearing at as early a date as had been anticipated. However, we must fall back on the old saying—'Better late than never'—and in excuse, observe that the labour of the undertaking has been very great. First, the designs—all the flowers having been copied from *Nature's Own Book*, by Mrs. FitzGimox—then the subsequent grouping and lithographing on stone *by her own hand*, and finally the colouring of each separate plate—a gigantic effort to be executed by one person.

With a patriotic pride in her native land, Mrs. F. was desirous that the book should be entirely of Canadian production, without any foreign aid, and thus far her design has been carried out: whether successfully or not, remains for the public to decide.

Any shortcomings that may be noticed by our friends, must be excused on the score of the work being wholly Canadian in its execution.

Our Canadian Publishers can hardly be expected to compete with the booksellers and printers of the Old Country, or of the United States, labouring as they must necessarily do in a new country under many mechanical disadvantages.

Thus far, then, in behalf of the artist and publisher—a few words remain yet to be said as regards the literary portion of the book.

Many years ago the only work that treated in any way of the Wild Plants of Canada, the country owed to that indefatigable botanist Frederick Pursh, whose valuable labours were but little appreciated in the country in which he toiled and died—it is to be feared but poorly rewarded during his life.

The land, with all its rich vegetable resources, lay as it were an untrodden wilderness for many years, save by those hardy settlers who cared little for the forest flowers that grew in their paths.

The unlettered *Indians*, indeed, culled a few of the herbs and barks and roots for healing purposes, and dyes wherewith to stain their squaws' basket-work and porcupine quills: and some of the old settlers had given them local and descriptive